ST. LANDRY CLARION.

OPELOUSAS, . . La.

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GOING ON AN ERRAND.

A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam;
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong
my mother gets in such a pet.

A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There in the hay the children play—
They're having such jolly fun;
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

A pound of tea at one and three,
A pot of—er—new-laid jam,
Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There's Teddy White flying his kite,
He thinks himself grand, I declare;
I'd like to try to make it fly up sky high,
Ever so much higner
Than the old church spire,
then—but there—

A pound of three and one at tea,
A pot of new-laid am,
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop,
And run my orders through again.
I haven't forgot—no, ne'er a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham.
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new-laid jam.

—*Sunrise.*

CHARLIE'S LESSON.

Charlie's mamma believed in telling children the reason of things, and three-year-old Charlie believed in demanding a reason for everything. As soon as he learned to talk, he began asking the why and wherefore of whatever he was told to do or to leave undone. His chief object in life seemed to be to discover why he must do this or must not do that.

"Charlie must not take away the dog's bone," cried mamma, as she heard Carlo's protesting growls.

"Why not, mamma?" asked Charlie, looking up from the bone of contention in his chubby hand.

"Because Carlo will bite you if you take his dinner. And Charlie must not go out in the sun without his bonnet."

"Why not, mamma?" repeated the little searcher after knowledge.

"I would get tired of forever explaining things to that child," said auntie. "It's well enough to answer reasonable questions, but his continual 'why' makes me nervous. Children should do things because they are told to do them. That is reason enough for them."

"It's not reason enough for Charlie," said the fond mother. "He remembers things better when I explain them, and is more sure to do them. It makes him a better boy to have his questions answered, so I must not weary of his many whys."

But mamma's patience was often sorely tried by the persistent little questioner. She was a busy woman and had little time for unnecessary work. She could no deny that it did sometimes seem unnecessary to pause in the midst of some household task to explain to Charlie why he must not hang over the banisters, play with fire, pull the cat's tail, go on lonely exploring expeditions without her knowledge or permission to do the thousand and one dangerous little things his active little brain constantly devised. But she continued to answer his questions

"His memory is so good," she said fondly. "It pays to explain things to him for he remembers most of the reasons I give him, and seldom asks 'why' twice about the same thing. Sometime I'll get all his questions answered, then we'll have some peace."

So she comforted herself with thoughts of the good time coming, and was always ready with a cheerful answer when the bright eyes looked at her and the eager little voice queried, "Why not, mamma."

At length came a day when mamma refused to answer Charlie's questions, and the consequences were so dire that they were long remembered by the entire family, and especially by Charlie himself.

It happened in this wise: There were several hives of bees in the back lot, and one hot day these bees swarmed. Papa and the hired man hastened to get the new swarms into new hives. Mamma brought pans for the honey and all was haste and confusion. Charlie heard the buzz and commotion in the back lot, and ran to see what it was all about.

"Run away Charlie," cried papa. "Don't come near the bees. Run to the house this minute."

Charlie turned away, much aggrieved. On his way to the house he met mamma with more pans.

"Mamma, why mustn't Charlie go near the bees?" he asked wistfully.

"Because they'll sting you," replied mamma, hurrying on with her pans.

"But mamma, what does 'sting' mean?" Charlie cried after her.

"Never mind what it means," said mamma, too hurried to explain, and in her haste quoting auntie's words, "Do as you are told. That is reason for you."

Charlie was surprised and grieved by mamma's strange conduct, but his curiosity was not satisfied, and he kept close watch of what was going on in the back lot. He wondered why papa wore a funny wire hat that came down over his face and neck, and why the hired man held a roll of burning cotton cloth and blew the smoke into the hive. Presently he saw papa remove the wooden cap from the top of one of the hives and take out beautiful pieces of golden honey comb. Charlie thought it looked very nice, and wished he could have a peep into the hive.

The next day mamma and auntie were busy making cherry jam, and papa and the hired man were at work in the field. So Charlie was left to his own devices. Presently he remembered the bees, and wandered away to the back lot.

In a little while mamma heard a great outcry, and rushed out to learn its cause. Across the yard came Charlie, running with all his little might and screaming loudly. Bees were buzzing around his curly head and crawling angrily all over his little body. Mamma seized him in her arms and ran around the house and into the front door to escape the bees. Then she placed him on the floor and stripped off his clothes to get rid of the bees in them. She didn't wait to unbutton anything or to take out pins but undressed him by one or two deft jerks. Charlie had never before been undressed so quickly. He cried loudly with fright and pain, and no wonder, for mamma counted a dozen places where the bees had stung him. She bathed his wounds with ammonia and pitied and petted him as only a mother can, but Charlie seemed to blame her for his misfortune.

"Mamma didn't tell Charlie the bees would bite," he sobbed. "Charlie wouldn't have gone near them if mamma had told him they would bite like Carlo does."

Mamma was sorry enough for her negligence, and tried to explain what she meant by saying the bees would sting.

"It serves me right," she said remorsefully. "I might have answered his question. How could the dear child know what 'sting' meant?"

"He knows now," said auntie. "He has learned a pretty dear lesson. He'll never forget what 'sting' means."

"What naughty bees to bite Charlie," sobbed the little man. "And to bite so hard, too! Mamma, how can such little bees have such big bites?"

The next morning he was still more surprised at the effect of the bee's "bites."

One eye was swollen quite shut, and his face and hands were much larger than usual.

"It's bad enough," said papa, "but it's a wonder he got off so easily. Why, he took the cap off one of the hives and stirred the bees with a stick."

"And then they came out and bit me," said Charlie. "But I won't go there any more."

And he kept his word

The Southern Exhibit

Looking at the semi-tropical display of the Southern exhibit over against the north wall of the Palace, it is hard for a northern man to realize that the States represented are a part of the same country of which he is a citizen. Rice and figs and oranges and cotton and alligators have a far-away flavor that it is hard for the native Nort westerner to associate with Uncle Sam's domain.

Beginning at the east, the first section of the grand Southern exhibit, presided over by S. L. Cary, agent of the Southern Pacific, represents the products of Southwest Louisiana in general. Sugar cane, rice and cotton are shown as the principal crops in the order named.

The sugar cane yields about twenty tons per acre, giving a profit of $5 per ton to both the farmer and the manufacturer Rice is now handled in the same manner as wheat is in the North. But five years ago the Carolinas led in the production of this cereal, doing the labor in the old-fashioned way, by hand. The introduction of machinery has given Louisiana the lead. Cotton grows a bale to the acre and sells at $50 per bale.

Among the fruits shown are pears, figs, peaches, oranges, white cherries, plums, apples and the nectarine. A very peculiar fruit, the Japan plum, blossoms in December and is ripe in March. The tree is an evergreen and is very ornamental.

Sweet potatoes, yams, a larger variety of the sweet potato much sweeter than the ordinary article; Irish potatoes that yield two crops a year, corn and other vegetables familiar here are shown.

Rock salt from an island in the Gulf of Mexico, a few miles from New Iberia, La., said to be the purest in the world, is shown. There are 90,000,000 tons above water in sight, and borings 1000 feet down fail to go through it. It is 99 5 per cent pure.

Spanish moss is a product from which much is hoped. It grows pendant from the trees naturally, is inexhaustable and is becoming very valuable as an article of commerce. The Pullman company has adopted it for upholstering.

Cypress shingles are shown, which are claimed to be a very superior article for keeping out the rain.

Cotton seed oil is represented as a very versatile product. Refined it passes for olive oil and it also masquerades as butter and lard.

A little alligator three weeks old, which doesn't seem to have yet got onto the trick of eating, is an attraction.

Calcasieu parish is the home of the expatriated Acadians of which Longfellow sings in Evangeline. In the southwest part of the State principally in this region, there are now 10,000 Northern people. Nine tenths of the people here are white.

Among the curiosities the dish rag attracts a great deal of attention. In appearance it resembles a mammoth cucumber. The fiber which fills the shell, with a few ribbons for trimmings, make a bonnet fit to attend the opera in. After the opera it can be utilized as a dish rag. Grasses of many kinds are shown.

Cotton is shown twelve feet high and with 300 bolls. Broom corn fourteen feet high is on exhibition. Pop corn with seven ears to the stalk make the farmers stare. Flax and ramie plant, which is expected to take the place of flax for linen and to beat the silk worm at his own game, are on exhibition. What is known as Japanese silk is the product of the ramie plant. The fiber is from six to fourteen feet long

Among the woods shown are cypress, hickory, ash, holly, burr oak, hard pine, sweet gum, a wood that can't be split; white and red oak and a very peculiar wood called the pepper wood.

Fine pears and grapes are shown, and peaches that yield two crops.

Several varieties of gourds are on exhibition. A specimen of the kind called Jonah's gourd, as big as a peck measure and filled with very large black walnuts, is a great curiosity. It has been in use for thirty years.

Louisiana syrup, before the commission man had a "whack" at it, is an object of interest. The gentleman in charge explains that the syrup of commerce that gets North is mostly the residue of the sugar mill sweetened with glucose and otherwise doctored. People who tasted this pronounced it away ahead of the grocery store stuff.

Cotton seed meal, which is used as a stock food and fertilizer, and cotton oil are products on exhibition.

A beautiful cassava, a Spanish-American plant, is the cause of many queries. From its root the familiar tapioca is made. Among the grasses are crab grass, meadow oak grass, Bermuda grass and carpet grass. —*Sioux City Journal.*

Against the Sub-Treasury Bill.

The Austin County Farmers' Alliance met at Belleville July 21. By request we we publish the following:

The Alliance reconsidered the resolution regarding the sub-treasury bill and disapproved of it. After which the following resolutions were adopted.

Whereas, There is a certain bill before Congress known as the sub-treasury bill; and whereas we believe that the principles upon which this bill is founded are wrong and detrimental to the good and prosperity of our country; and

Whereas, It is an Alliance movement, and claimed to be for their interest, we believe we have the right as an Alliance to express our opinion relating to its worth, therefore be it

Resolved, By this Austin County Farmers' Alliance, in regular session, in the town of Belleville, July 21, 1890, that we are opposed to said sub-treasury bill because its tendency is towards centralization, it is robbing one man for the benefit of another, and that it is contrary to one of the cardinal principles of the Alliance, 'Equal rights to all and special favors to none."—*Texas Farmer.*

Foreign Notes.

POOR CONSOLATION.

Mr. Balfour chief secretary for Ireland, writes as follows: "We, of course, receive endless reports and communications of all sorts on the subject regarding the potato crop in Ireland. No positive or final conclusion can be formed until the potatoes are dug, toward the end of October, but all the testimoney that is of any value, and which obviously is not doctored for political purposes, appears to indicate that a cry of a general famine in Ireland is absurd, although in particular localities the failure of crops is undoubtedly serious. The measures that have been taken by the government will without question be sufficient to deal with any real distress which it may be beyond the power of the ordinary poor law to meet."

Education is free, citizenship is free, honor and fortune are free, and the humblest child that is to-day sleeping in its mother's arms, may win in this pure, inspiring atmosphere of freedom, the proudest place among the most honored of the land.

Fingers and Forks.

Did you know that Queen Elizabeth ate with her fingers? You may have known that she loved show and style, that she was so fond of fine clothes that when she died she left three thousand dresses and any quantity of jewels; but did you ever imagine that such a great lady could be so inelegant as to eat with her fingers? But she did, and so did Shakespeare, and Chaucer, and William the Conqueror, and King Alfred, and everybody else who lived before her time. These last were more excusable than she—they had no forks; but even she was not without excuse, for though she had several, they had been given to her as curiosities, which I suppose, nobody expected her to use. There was one of crystal garnished with gold and sparks of garnet, another of gold with two little rubies and two pendant pearls, and still another of coral.

Why didn't she use them? you ask. Well, because she had never seen or known anybody that had used one, and they were something new; and besides, there was a prejudice against this invention just from Italy. But you must not think because there were no forks, that the old fashioned dinner made no pretentions to elegance and refinement.

The guests had knives and they had fingers, and with the two implements they managed nicely. From their old books of etiquette we learn how they did it. In the grst place, the fingers must be publicly washed before beginning the meal; even if this had just been done privately, it must be repeated at the table, that no one might feel uneasy in eating after his neighbors' fingers had been in the dish. To aid further, the meat was prepared as far as possible before it was brought to the table, If in a stew as was usually the case, it was in bits; if roasted, it was cut by a carver, and passed in large plates with a knife.

As to the way of helping himself, each guest must choose and keep a particular part of the dish for his own. He must help himself daintily from this place, using only three fingers; afterwards, in carrying the food to the mouth, which of course was done with the hand, these same three fingers must be used, taking care however not to touch the nose with them, to do which was extremely inelegant, and showed a lack of good-breeding.

Of course all this soiled the hands, and in refined households at various intervals bowls of perfumed water and different napkins were passed, and no one must refuse to wash. This old fashion of handing round a silver bowl or dish of rose-water is still sometimes seen in Europe.

After awhile man found out that he needed forks, or rather, woman did, for it was she who first used them. Great dames kept them in their rooms to eat comfits with and to toast bread; and in course of time, they brought them to the table.

As I have said, there was a prejudice against them; and the first few persons who were brave enough to use them were laughed at and called effeminate; a preacher even went so far as to say that for any one to refuse to touch his meat with his fingers was an insult to providence.

Nevertheless they spread; in England slowly, even after Italy, the home of their birth, was full of them. Those who knew their value, however, found them so convenient that up to 150 years ago—since which time it had been no longer necessary—gentlemen traveling from place to place, and knowing how poorly supplied were the inns, carried one with them in a case with a knife. Since that time the old two-pronged fork, or fouchette (little pitchfork), as the French call it—and really they were only tiny pitchforks has given way to the more convenient three and four pronged forks in use in our own homes. *Harper's Young People.*

Two Sweet Gul Graduates.

Two sweet girl graduates went forth to walk in the woods. In their holiday mood all roads were one to them, and when they came to a cross road they turned into it. A hunter who happened to be standing near spoke to them.

"Don't take that road, young women," he said; "it isn't safe."

"Why isn't it safe?" asked the sweetest of the girl graduates, incredulously.

"Because a bear has lately gone up that way."

"How do you know that? Did you see the bear?"

"No, I didn't see him; but there is his trail;" and the hunter pointed to footprints on the ground.

The girl graduates carefully examined the tracks, and said one to the other: "They don't look like the prints of a bear's paws. Do you think they are?"

"Don't believe him," said the other. "I don't think they look a bit like bear tracks."

"Do you know a bear trail when you see it?" queried the hunter.

"If you mean the print of a bear's paws on the ground," said one of the girl graduates, with a lofty air, "most sure any one could tell what they would look like."

"Did you ever see the track of a bear?" repeated the hunter.

"No," replied the girl graduate, "but natural history gives us the conformation of a bear's paws, and the commonest mental operation would teach us from that what their tracks would look like. I don't think these look the least like the footprints of a bear. Bears have claws, and there are no marks of claws here."

"Who ever heard of a bear without claws?" said the other girl graduate, with a withering glance at the hunter.

"What kind of tracks be they then, Miss?" asked the hunter.

"Indeed I don't know," returned one of the sweet girl graduates, superciliously. "They certainly are not the tracks of a bear."

"Besides," added the other sweet girl graduate, "who ever heard of bears walking along roads?"

The hunter's stock of arguments, as well as words, was limited, and he said nothing. The sweet girl graduates went on their way.

They had not gone far when a bear sprang upon them and ate them up. The only parts of their anatomy not masticated beyond identification were their tongues, which, finding tough, the bear had swallowed whole. Before the process of digestion fairly began, these found time for a few words:

"They were bear tracks after all," said one.

"And suppose they were," replied the other, "how were we to know?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Important Decisions.

RENDERED BY THE MICHIGAN SUPREME COURT ON COLORED PEOPLE'S RIGHTS.

LANSING, Mich., Oct. 11.—[Associated Press.]—The supreme court has rendered a very important opinion affecting the rights of black people in public places. One person, colored, with a friend, entered a restaurant in Detroit, of which a man named Giles was proprietor. Seating themselves at a table a waiter informed them that they would be compelled to take another table, as the one they had taken was for white people, and if they would move as requested, they would be served. This they refused, demanding service at the table at which they were sitting. The proprietor admitted discrimination between white and black people and claimed that he had a right to make such discrimination. Plaintiff brought suit in the Wayne Circuit Court for damages, was defeated and appealed to the Supreme Court. The court holds that the colored man is a citizen under the constitution and can not be discriminated against in public places, and says that the only question that should have been considered in the lower court was out of damages. Justice Moody writes the opinion, the others concur.

LOUISIANA IN SUMMER.

A New England Clergyman's Impression of "The Italy of America."

LAKE CHARLES, La., Aug. 22, 1890.

Louisiana, in the estimation of the average Northern man, is a State in no part of which a white man could safely pass the summer, because of the supposed intense heat and general unhealthfulness.

Your correspondent held the same opinion up to last February, when he met in St. Louis a lady formerly from the North, who for the past six years had been living in Southwest Louisiana, whose description of the very mild summers, charming winters and healthful climate caused him, when the early summer found him in broken health, to seek its borders and try the merits of its cooling breezes and balmy invigorating air.

While the northern three fourths of the State may be very hot, and the bottom lands of the Mississippi valley may be very unhealthy, there is in the southwestern part of Louisiana a tract bordering on the Gulf of Mexico about one hundred miles long east and west, and reaching back from the gulf about forty or fifty miles in width, which is unsurpassed in America in climate and general healthfulness. It has been called, and very appropriately, "the Italy of America," although to whom it was first indebted for this title your correspondent does not yet know. It is a section of the State away from and above all overflows, being from forty to sixty feet above the level of the gulf.

The highest temperature this summer at Lake Charles, which is thirty miles from the gulf, and in the latitude of about 30° 15' north, was 96°, and that on only one day. Two other days it went up to 95°, and on not more than ten days altogether has it gone above 90°. For the last four weeks the maximum temperature has not been above 88°, with a general range of from 70° to 75° at 6 a. m, and from 80° to 86° at 2 p m.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the contrast between the maximum temperature here and that which has been experienced in parts if not all of the North In Kansas and Iowa it has been as high as 110° in the shade, and in many other places it has been 100° or over, with insufferably hot nights, which we never experience here.

The cause of the cooler climate here is the nearness to the gulf, whence comes a cool, refreshing and very soft breeze for the most of the time, both day and night, excepting two or three hours after sunrise and again at sunset. During the middle of the day, which would otherwise be very hot, there is almost always a cooling breeze, which makes it very comfortable anywhere in the shade where the breeze can reach. At night the breeze makes it so cool that one can always sleep well if one has a house properly arranged, with south exposure for the sleeping rooms. Generally before morning, a light blanket is needed in such cases. Owing to the south or gulf breezes here, Northern men now living here say that they are able to work out in this sun with less discomfort than they experienced when working in the sun in the North. Even in St. Louis, Mo., and Topeka, Kan, it is the south breeze which is the coolest breeze. People in those cities build as far as possible with southern exposures. Would it not seem that their south breezes are gulf breezes? And if so, after passing over 600 miles of heated surface, would they not be much less fresh than those we have?

Sunstrokes are unknown here One perspires freely and copiously in this climate, but it conduces rather to one's health and comfort (except for the slight discomfort from the quickly soiled clothing), as the perspiration tends to cool one.

But while the summers are so far from being uncomfortably hot, being in fact really enjoyable, the winters are said by all Northern people who have passed one or more of them here, to be most delightful. Snow is rarely seen on the ground, and never whitens it, melting as soon as it falls, when it falls at all, which is only once in four or five years. The lowest temperature reached last winter was 24° above zero, but it is seldom that there is a winter when it goes as low as that, not often going below 30° in this locality. Right on the gulf coast it never freezes. But it is only for a small part of the time that the temperature is anywhere near the freezing point, ranging a large part of the winter season from 55° to 75° They have frequent winters here when one can pick from the garden green peas on Christmas and strawberries in February.

The main agricultural interest in this section is rice culture, which pays a net profit two or three times as great as wheat culture in the North. Rice is sold by the barrel (168 pounds or three bushels), and yields from ten to twenty barrels per acre, which sells before being polished (when it looks a little like barley) for from $2 50 to $4 a barrel, according to quality and the earliness with which it is ready for the market.

At least thirty dollars (and from that up to fifty) an acre can be realized every year on rice where a man has a farm on one of the numerous streams, or bayous as they are called here, and uses a steam pump to flood the rice when there are too few rains, which occurs about one year out of three or four, as it requires a great deal of water. One man east of here raised last year, which was a dry year, one thousand acres (using a steam pump), which he sold for nearly $50,000, and which probably netted him between $45,000 and $45,000.

A single hand with a good heavy team could prepare the ground and put in from 100 to 150 acre of rice in a season as one can plough here all winter, and rice can be sown from the last of March to the first of June. To cultivate rice requires about the same labor and machinery as wheat culture, except that rice fields have to have levees about 1½ feet high around them, which when once built need not much farther care. And the rice needs to be flooded when about a foot high, letting the water stand on the ground until it is nearly ripe, when the water is let off. When ripe it is cut with a self binder and threshed with a threshing machine.

Besides rice, some cotton and sugar cane are raised here, cotton paying a net profit of $15 and cane from $50 to $75 an acre, although to work cane requires quite an expensive outfit, and one hand cannot attend to more than ten or fifteen acres of it

This is a very fine country for fruits, surpassing both Florida and California in the estimation of men who have come here to live after a residence in both of the States mentioned. Five acres of oranges fifteen years old would net $10,000 a year. The creole orange raised here is said by experienced men to be a finer orange in flavor and much sweeter than any other orange in America. And oranges can be raised here as safely as in Florida. One tree last year bore 8,500, which sold at one cent apiece, or for $85. Figs grow in abundance. Grapes of certain kinds do well. Fine olives are raised here. Most excellent pears are raised. Peaches and plums and some early varieties of apples are raised and do well.

Many kinds of trees, such as figs, plums and pears take root and grow from cuttings or slips cut from branches of trees and pressed into the ground, so also do grape vines. Peaches grow from the pits and bear in two years' time from planting. Two crops of Irish potatoes can be raised from the same ground in a year—a spring crop and a fall crop. Or one can raise a crop of Irish potatoes, then a crop of sweet potatoes and lastly a crop of cabbages, onions or turnips, making three crops from the same ground in a year. Cabbages have been raised in this climate weighing as high as seventeen pounds each.

This soil is not as fertile as on the Mississippi River bottom, but with a little fertilizer, just as fine crops can be raised here as there, and that, too, without any danger from overflows which periodically make such havoc in that region. This land, however, becomes much more fertile as it is worked Lands here are still very cheap as compared to Northern lands, when their respective productiveness is considered A large colony from Holland is coming here this winter, which will locate down near the coast, and engage in raising fruit and vegetables for the early Northern markets.

The tide of immigration has set in quite heavily from the Western States, with an occasional New Englander. It would be very gratifying to see more of the latter come into this section and make their homes in this climate, which is exceptionally fine, and where, if the right kind of crops are put in, the labor of one's hands is so bountifuly rewarded.

This climate, the mildness of which has already been described, has such curative properties that chronic invalids who have come here from the North, some brought on beds, have fully recovered health and strength.

Others who in Kansas and Michigan suffered much from inflammatory rheumatism have not been troubled with it here. Catarrh and bronchial troubles disappear here owing to the fact that in this climate it is almost impossible to take cold where ordinary precautions are taken.

In closing let me say that I believe this the best country as far as natural advantage go that there is in our beloved Union. A man is as safe here as in the North; a large per cent of the population already here is from the North.

All that is needed is a goodly number of intelligent, enterprising men and women, of good moral character, to come here from the North, fill up the country and make of it—as they easily may do—an earthly paradise. Of course, a man of wealth can make a great deal of money here. But even with ten or twenty acres rightly managed, that is, with two to five acres of fruit trees on it, and two and three acres a year from the rest of the land, cultivated with New England skill, a man could easily support a family and do well

And now, when farms can be rented, or good land can be bought at five and six dollars an acre, and an humble house, sufficiently comfortable for this climate built for from $100 to $200, what is to hinder some, at least, of those workingmen in New England cities from saving up enough money to pay railroad fares, and have a few dollars over, and coming here and making for themselves and their children homes of their own in this beautiful, healthful clime?—*F. L. Higgins, in Boston Transcript.*

A cunning Dog.

A good dog story is always appreciated, because canine sagacity seems inexhaustable in its resources. A Glasgow gentleman owned a very intelligent newfoundland dog, who accompanied his master wherever he went, and was his inseparable companion in his visits and to church. One evening the gentleman went to visit a neighbor. The dog attended him. It was quite late when the gentleman started for home, and, to his surprise, the dog could not be found.

After the family had retired there was a great noise in the kitchen. It was supposed that burglars were robbing the house. Soon there was crash and a smash like the breaking of a window, and then all was still. The morning revealed the mystery. The dog had fallen asleep under the table. He had realized that his master had gone home, and the noise heard was the attempt of the dog to make his escape. As there was no other way to get out the sagacious animal went thorugh the window, taking the glass and frame with him.

It was a long time before his master visited that house again. When he did his dog accompanied him, and the animal found his way through the open door of the kitchen to his old hiding-place under the table. When the master was about to start for home neither his hat nor cane could be found. After a long search the dog was discovered fast asleep under the table; one paw was on his master's hat, the other resting on his stick. How the dog obtained possession of those articles no one could tell. He remembered his last visit to the place, and how scurvily he had been treated. The sagacious creature resolved not to be left behind next time. He knew that his master could not go home without the hat and stick, and that he would be awakened when the owner got ready to start. His plans were acutely laid, and it he had been human he could not have done better.—*Boston Budget*

Southern Progress.

The people who have for five years been constantly predicting that the South could not keep on in its steady march of progress must be amazed by this time to see that despite their croakings, despite Wall street financial manipulations, despite low prices for iron and all other causes that one might suppose would retard its development, the South moves forward with an ever accelerating rate of growth. Nothing seems to retard it. From the Potomac river to the Rio Grande there is an ever widening industrial development, a rapid improvement in the financial condition of the farmers, a great activity in the building of railroads, fine hotels, costly dwellings and splendid business structures, and a steady increase in prosperity. From the boundless stores of hidden riches in its hills and mountains the South is creating wealth more rapidly than was ever done before in any part of this country, and yet the work has barely commenced. The record of the last nine months shows the organization of upward of 3000 new enterprises, including almost every line of industry from the saw mill to great steel and iron works, and the last quarter of the year bids fair to be the most active ever seen in the South.—*Manufacturers' Record.*

Mississippi Farmer on Reform

ALLIANCE RESOLUTION.

LITTLE SPRINGS, Miss., Sept. 29, 1890.

Editor of Enterprise:

Dear Sir—Enclosed you will find a resolution which was unanimously adopted by the Little Springs Alliance on September 20, 1890, and they respectfully ask you to publish said resolution in your able paper, the Mississippi Enterprise.

Very repectfully, G.

RESOLUTION.

Living in an adjoining country to the South Mississippi Fair Association and the same claiming to be agricultural; and, whereas horse racing seems to be the first feature of said Association, and agriculture second, therefore be it

Resolved. That we, the members of Little Springs Alliance will have nothing to do with the said Association until the gambling feature is eliminated therefrom.

Washington, Oct. 11. The secretary of the interior has decided against the appeal of the commissioners of the McDonogh school fund for the purchase of certain lands in the Southern district of Louisiana with surveyor general script on the ground that the tract applied for is not subject to sale at private cash entry. The applicants alleged that the original claim had been donated by the confirmee of the McDonogh school fund and should have been confirmed in place.

The act of March, 1889, withdrew from private cash entry all public lands of the United States, except in the State of Missouri, and these lands were therefore not subject to purchase with said script at the date of application.

Parents you do yourselves and your children great injustice if you fail to give your children Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. Many little lives are sacrificed by such neglect.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

After the toil and turmoil,
And the anguish of trust belied,
After the burden of heavy cares,
Baffled longings, ungranted prayers;
After the passion and fever and fret,
After the aching of vain regret,
After the hurry and heat of strife,
The yearning and tossing that men call "life,"
Faith that mocks, and fair hopes denied,
I shall be satisfied.

When the golden bowl is broken
At the sunny fountain side,
When the turf lies green and cold above
Wrong and sorrow, and loss, and love;
When the great dumb walls of silence stand
At the doors of the undiscovered land,
When all we have left in our olden place
Is an empty chair and a pictured face;
When the prayer is prayed and the sigh is sighed,
I shall be satisfied.

—*London World.*

Etta's Charity.

"I dont want to hol' de baby," said Dora Garfield Scott taking the small black cherub with unwilling hands.

"I desume you'd prefer to read that ridiculus story in de 'Children's Corner,'" observed her little sister Etta, rolling out the big words with great relish.

This reply was received in scornful silence.

The Scott's were a colored family of small means. They lived in a little one-story house, black with age, and cheerless enough on the outside. Within, however, its homelike air was most refreshing in contrast.

Outdoors it was raining hard. A lighted lamp on a little stand near the window cast long bright rays which seemed to becon a welcome home to the father.

"Oh, Oh, ma, de lamp's exploring, de lamp's exploring!" cried Etta excitedly, as a gust of wind shook the small house and pelted the rain against the window.

Mrs. Scott stopped turning the "griddle" long enough to put the lamp in a place of safety.

"I don' think Dora has charity 'nuff fur George Washington Scott," Etta then observed shaking her head as she watched her sister rocking the baby.

"What you know 'bout charity, child," asked Mrs. Scott laughing good-naturedly.

"Naneen tol' me what it was," answered Etta proudly. "I'se got it fur she said I had, fur I love everybody."

"You see, ma, 'fore I went to Naneen's I stopped at Tommie's to see if we could borrough his geography game. Tommie was in the back play-room an' I heard Bertie say, 'Wus you swaller dat, I will swaller it; was you don't, I shan't never.' —Bertie always says 'wus' instead of 'if,'" explained Dora.—"Den I heard Tommie shout 'o his ma, an den she run and I run too, and when we got there Bertie was jest as brack in de face. He done swallowed a button an' it stuck in his froat."

Mrs. Scott, with genuine horror on her fat kinkly free, sat down abseatly in the chair back of her. It happened to be the chair in which Etta had set a tin of molasses which was waiting to be put over the fire as soon as the supper was on the table. Molasses candy was a favorite dessert with the Scott family. It took several minutes to scrape the molasses from her dress back into the tin. Then Etta went on:

'Dey got de button out of his froat at las' jest as de bref was nearly mos' gone out of him. Den Mrs. Brick say to de berriest mos' sternes' way she ebersperk 'Thomas, how did dis happen?' Den Tom he 'splain dat he played circus, and pertend to swallow de button, an' dat he had it up his sleeve all de time. But Bertie thought he did swallow it an' so he tried to swallow his."

"I don' see what dat has to do with your charity," said Dora after the listners had passed various remarks. "You said you was going to tell us about dat."

"Dat was how I found I had it," answered Etta thoughtfully.

"I tol' Naneen, and I said I thought Tommie Brick was a bad boy to most kill his little brother.' I said he tole a lie too, for he made Bertie think he swallowed it. I said circuses were bad low places, an' our teacher didn't improve of our going to 'em. I said he shouldn't come to see our George Washington Scott, and I shouldn't play with him any more."

"Why, chile, you hain't got no charity, what you talking about," said Mrs. Scott quite sharply.

"You've done things jest as bad as dat to George Washington," remarked Dora.

"I didn,t know 'bout it before," answered Etta with emphasis. "but I have now since Naneen tol' me how lubely it was."

"What did Naneen tell you?" asked her mother.

"She said we must hab charity; dat Tommie didn't mean to hurt Bertie, an' dat he felt dreffully of course; dat we must 'member de mistakes we make ourselves. Den she told me lots of nice things Tommie did, and dat if we hab charity we could find plenty of good about most everybody. She say dat charity is de same as lobe; dat we must lobe eberybody. Oh, she talk beautiful, an' since I know 'bout charity I hab it."

"Well," said good Mrs. Scott, wiping her eyes with one end of the tablecloth, "She's a angel, Miss Naneen is, an' we must all remember what she says and have more charity. I reckon she know what she's talking about, fur its puffed way up in de Brble, children."

That evening, after supper, Etta got the great Bible that was kept in the best room and used only on state occasions. After considerable hunting the thirteenth chapter of first Cor. was found, and Mrs. Scott read it in a high unused sort of voice. Before she began Etta said, 'Naneen says to read it love 's ead of charity," and so it was read that way. And with the last verse of that wonderful chapter let us end our little story.

"And now abideth, faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is love."—*Belle St. John Pearson, in Little Christian.*

Decay, The Universal law.

Let anything in nature become lifeless and inactive, and decay follows as a usual sequence. Decay is the universal law. Can you wonder when a person feels constantly worn out and more than half dead, that decay of the lungs or kidneys sets in. They say that decay of the lungs (consumption) and decay of the kidneys (Bright's disease) is incurable. Who says so? Only those experimental doctors who have failed. Don't despair. While there's life, there's hope! In checking decay of the lungs or kidneys, in preventing further ulceration, it is essential that all blood impurities should be removed, and an alterative influence exerted upon the whole system. The appetite and digestion must both be improved. The nervous system soothed, and sleep nature's sweet restorer, invited and incouraged. Energy must be aroused and mental depression banished. In this momentous rallying effort Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla is an essential ally to nature. Use this remedy. It has restored many to health and strength, even after doctors had given up all hope.

As a remedy for roaches, take three pounds of oatmeal, or meal of Indian corn, and mix it with a pound of white lead; moisten with treacle so as to form a good paste, and put a portion down at night in the infested building. Repeat for a few nights alternately, and in the morning remove the paste and the corpses to a convenient place —*Scientific American.*

My son is affected with weak lungs and has tried various treatments, but Bull's Sarsaparilla has done him more good than all other medicine. I cheerfully make this statement for the benefit of the afflicted.—*John S. McGee, Horse Cave, Ky.*

The Progressive League.

The Times-Democrat, in its issue of October 7, publishes that a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Progressive League was held in Grunewald Hall the evening previous, with R. S. Day as president. We place very little confidence in what is published as emanating from this League.

The article goes on to state the number present, and publishes the report of the executive committee. It starts out with the saying that "since the last meeting its affairs have been pushed as vigorously as the officers and committees were able to do." This we take to be literally true, and everything points to the fact that with all their push they have not progressed. It further states "it has organized in seventeen wards in the city, and has also organized, or is ready to organize, in fifty-seven parishes in the State."

We have but little doubt but they have organized in seventeen wards in the city, but notice how carefully they worded the other part of this sentence, "and has also organized, or is ready to organize in fifty-seven parishes."

Yes, we believe they are ready to organize in every parish in the State, but of one thing we are certain; outside of New Orleans we have seen it stated only in a few places where sub-leagues have been organized. If this is such a good thing for the people of the State, why does not the head league, with R. S. Day as president, publish a list of the sub-organizations, giving names of the officers and prominent men connected with it? This would certainly add strength to them and further their cause. If there is a sub-organization in Calcasieu parish lets have its headquarters and officers so the people can ascertain where to go to join it. If it's such a good thing, publish it to the world as fast and as far as possible, keeping nothing hid.

Now, lets have another item from this executive committee — "applications are coming in faster than they can be attended to, and begs the indulgence of those applicants, whose membership cards have not been sent them, on account of the pressure of work."

How slim to publish such an expression as this to an intelligent public. It looks very strange, doesn't it, that this department of their work is so far behind hand, when, in the Dauphin department, they are discharging employes for want of work. Why not make a transfer of this labor and keep all lines?

Again, it says:

It has been the policy of the executive committee to accomplish the object of the league by arguing the question of the passage of the lottery amendment, by sending out documents to the people under the title of "The Question of the Hour," in which the question is discussed in a fair and exhaustive manner from every possible point of view. So far, these documents have received the careful consideration of the great mass of the voters of the State, and we believe, have accomplished a great deal of good in showing the people exactly what the issues are. We regret to report in this connection that in a few instances these papers have been returned by some of the citizens to whom they were addressed, but their number is so inconsiderable as to cut little or no figure in the sum total of the intelligent voters of the State.

This is owning up to it, and we predict that it is only the question of the hour when R. S. Day and a few others will fool "Uncle Sam" until they finally pick the lock and break into jail. If this committee would visit this city and take a peep around our postoffice, and look into the street gutters, they can very readily see how "The Question of the Hour" is received here, and they may hear the question asked "Who gave these fellows the list of voters in this parish from the poll books, so they could mail to them their detestable literature?

Following this executive committee report are resolutions of a four-penny character trying to delude the people on State rights. Our judgments dictates to us that the whole or main object of this league is to organize so as to capture conventions, and when once captured, you can howl or go off and organize and set up a little sid show convention of your own, and when they have driven this wedge they will work it for all it is worth.

We advise the people of the State to organize, and when the time comes for conventions to be held be ready and turn out to a man, and send your best and truest men to the front and instruct them what to do.—*American.*

The Doom of the Octopus.

A PARABLE

By a singular combination of the African trade winds and a northern blast, there was washed upon our Southern coast, some years ago, a dangerous creature of the devil-fish tribe which found a lodgement in our midst, promising a small compensation for room to rest on, and was allowed to remain upon the territory a number of years.

It seemed to be a quiet, inoffensive sort of creature, and yearly paid a small stipend for its presence. People paid but slight attention to it at first, but finally it was found to be poisoning the atmosphere with its unwholesome effluvia, and some few died of its poison.

But soon this wondercrift, (?) of foreign ports, was seen to have long and powerful tentacles, which extended to every part of the land and soon began to take in the